

Editorials □ News of Other Days □ Place Names □ Women's Features

Box Plan Deserves Study

MAINE EXPERIENCE IS RECOUNTED

Preserve Highway Timber

What Growers Found About Their Market

Out of the highly interesting and informative discussion at the chamber of commerce Wednesday of the proposed packing of potatoes in wooden boxes, at least one definite conclusion is to be drawn. That is that the whole project is still worthy of study and investigation.

The fact that Mr. Jack Grafton, who revealed an extensive knowledge of the problems involved, stated his belief that a "large percentage of the Klamath potatoes could be marketed in boxes and as economically as in sacks" provides sufficient basis for that conclusion. Mr. Grafton, who certainly was not looking at the thing through rose-colored glasses, and enumerated a number of disadvantages to the plan, still expressed that belief.

In the current issue of Editor and Publisher, widely known magazine of the Fourth Estate, there appeared an article which is of particular interest in connection with this discussion. It tells of the successful fight of Maine potato growers to obtain greater sales control of their market and to improve the profit margin. The Maine enterprise began when "hard times" knocked the potato market to pieces for the growers of Aroostook county.

A large sales corporation was formed, and immediately began a survey among 1000 housewives in the Boston area. These home-makers told investigators that they would welcome potatoes of good size and without culls, potatoes free from bruises and graded for size, and that they would like to get them in more convenient packages. They said they would be willing to pay a higher price to get what they wanted.

Improved methods of preparing potatoes, introduced by the Maine growers, included dry cleaning to remove dust and dirt, grading as to quality and size, and inspection. The potatoes were packed in open mesh bags, containing the identifying trade mark, and larger potatoes were packed in peck cartons, bearing the brand and grade. Improved methods of distribution and a whirlwind advertising and sales campaign added the final touch that put the Maine potatoes over big.

Especially significant, it seems to us, were the results of that survey. It revealed a desire on the part of housewives for cleaner, more uniform potatoes, in better packages, and a willingness to pay more for such potatoes. These are things potato growers want to know before they take any drastic steps toward changes in preparation and packing for the market.

The Maine success in packing in cartons as well as bags seems of significance in connection with our problem. It at least indicates the necessity for a distinctive package.

Another thing which seems important to us is the fact that the Maine enterprise hints of what competition may demand in the way of marketing potatoes. Whether we take the initial step, we in all probability will come to find we shall have to improve methods of preparation and packing to keep pace. Usually, it pays to be ahead of the pack.

Then, too, the Maine project gives some valuable testimony on marketing methods. The Maine growers chose Boston as the area in which they concentrated their marketing efforts, and they hit the field with a whirlwind promotion and sales campaign. Does that point toward concentrating on one field in the marketing of Klamath potatoes?

The whole Maine project is, of course, of great interest to the industry here, whether in the final analysis it has a direct bearing on the box-packing enterprise. As for that proposal, it is especially intriguing because it involves the welfare of the Klamath country's two greatest industries.

Linking those industries in a for-

Strips on Lakeview Road Wanted

Deserving all necessary support is the proposal to preserve permanent wooded strips along the Klamath Falls-Lakeview highway, through an act of congress which would authorize an exchange of this timber, now privately owned, for national forest timber.

It requires only ordinary foresight to envision the disastrous results if nothing were done to prevent the cutting of timber which skirts the now beautiful highways of the Pacific Northwest. In the future, the scenic value of such timber will be far more highly regarded than it is today, and we would be short-sighted, indeed, if we did not do all necessary to bring about its preservation.

Along many highways elsewhere, they are planting trees. Yet never can the even-rowed, planted trees, compare with the wonder and the beauty of virgin timber. To the inhabitant of the city, to the plainsman, and to the easterner, a drive along highways through such timber is a thing to be exclaimed about, and to be remembered. We vividly recall an automobile trip on which a member of the party was a young woman who, a resident of New York, had spent much time driving about in the low hills of New England. Until she was driven along the fine highways of the Pacific Northwest, both in timbered country and along the wide open spaces east of the mountains, she thought she had seen quite all worth seeing in the way of roadside scenery in America. When the drive ended she observed that the eastern scenery was not to be compared with that she had seen that day.

The preservation of wooded strips on Quartz mountain, most certainly should be carried out. And the same thing should be done along all the wooded highways of the northwest.

We Assure A Worried Correspondent

In the editor's mail today came this note, of such apparent genuine earnestness and concern that we give it space in this column:

To the Editor: Although I have managed it thus far, my conscience no longer will permit me to allow this rabbit hunting affair to go farther without voicing some word of warning.

Granting the high cause for which the bunnies are hunted down, (I trust some have been hunted down) I want here and now to express my solemn concern for the sterling honesty and morality by which these hunters have been known to their fellow citizens. If ever there were men of their word, they were they.

But consider conditions in the deplorable light of today. Consider, as I do with grave apprehension, the information given out by these gentlemen for public consumption upon their return from afield. Consider it, but do as you think best about believing it.

I say the time has come for the community to decide. If the hunt is to do what is here indicated to these men whose very names heretofore have been synonymous with veracity and truthfulness, is the cause worth the price?

WORRIED.

Indeed, a consideration that hadn't occurred to us. But we venture the suggestion that if their stories continue to grow, and that if the hunters measure up to be just half as good as they say they are, their contributions to the poor and needy will be too great to forfeit at any price. Maybe, after the season is over or the bunnies have all disappeared, we can reform the hunters. Newspapermen, you know, are born optimists.

ward step would be such a rare opportunity, and the facts brought out in Wednesday's discussion were sufficiently optimistic, that it is to be sincerely hoped the matter is at least given further and thorough study.

and held her so tight that she had to squeal.
"It's swell, being married to you, Jerry," said. "I never thought life could be so swell."
"Well, always, he married to each other, won't we, Jerry?"
"We'll never leave each other, will we?"
"Never."

Joan felt so safe, so secure again. Jerry's arms around her meant a lot.
"Say some poems for me honey."
"Some poems. What poems?"
"That one about 'The time has come.'"

Jerry began.
It wasn't that Joan thought so much of the poetry, but it was the way Jerry said everything, that fascinated her.
"The time has come, the walrus said,
To talk of many things,
Of shoes, and ships, and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings,
And why the sea is boiling hot,
And whether pigs have wings."

"Now stop," Joan commanded.
"And kiss me."

"With pleasure."
Time passed quite as rapidly as so slowly when you were married and when you were not married. Joan reflected. It all depended on what you were doing. Last night it had dragged interminably, tonight it had slipped through her fingers. It was ten o'clock before either of them realized it.

"Thought you were going to take me out to dinner!" Joan teased.

"Thought you were going out with me," Jerry smiled.
"Am, but now you've missed my hair and you'll have to wait until I comb it again."

She started to get up.
Jerry grabbed her.

"I don't like to let you go, honey. It's so swell to be with you."

"But you're going to be with me all your life."

They laughed.
"That's true: maybe I really should let you fix your hair so we can eat."

They went out and got in Joan's car. Jerry still felt funny about getting in her car. He hoped he would overcome that feeling. He felt as if he were taking a girl out and asking her to spend her own money or something. Finally, he knew, but still...

They pulled over onto Lake Shore Drive, and a red spotlight blinked sleepily at them. Joan looked at all the cars stopping around her, and wondered if the people in many were as happy as she and Jerry were. Jerry was sitting over close to her with his arm around her.

"Where are we headed for, Jerry darling?"

"Wherever you say."

"Blackhawk?"

"O."

They had dinner together and they both felt just as they had before they were married.

"Don't you hope we always do, Joan? I like that feeling. Just as if I were having a date with you."

Joan nodded.
"I've thought about that. I'm going to try to keep it that way."

The check was five dollars and Jerry thought vaguely, as he paid it, about the sixty that he owed Bud Bigelow.

It was not Joan's voice that was talking on the telephone to Jerry the following morning.

"Don't you remember me?"

"I might if you told me who you are."

Jerry did not like people who called up and asked him to guess.

"You don't remember anyone by the name of Claire, do you?"

The voice was low and warm. Jerry felt something snap within him.

"Yes, I do."

He hoped he didn't sound as he felt.

"I'm in town; are you glad or sorry?"

"Both," Jerry said frankly.

"I'm at the Selwyn, in a new show, this week."

Funny, Jerry thought, that he had not seen her name in the cast. He knew he had seen a copy of the cast.

"Oh, of course, you wouldn't know I was in the show unless I told you. I only appear now and then."

"I'll have to see you," Jerry said.

"You mean in the show?"

It was a leading question. He had to answer it.

"Yes," Jerry said, but he knew he meant more.

"I thought you might come over to the Bismarck Hotel tonight. We're having a party."

Jerry remembered that he had been invited over there. He kept thinking, "I want to see her. He knew that he would see her. It was inevitable."

"What time will you be over?"

"I—well, I thought I might drop over this afternoon."

Jerry hadn't meant to say that. Too late now, though, to do anything about it.

"Wonderful! I'll be expecting you then. We'll have a lot to talk about," she said.

"Yeah. All the old gang at

SIDE GLANCES By George Clark



"I haven't told her anything. I couldn't quit work, anyway. And besides, the doctor might be wrong."

school," Jerry lied.

He knew that when he saw her yellow hair he would remember that he had always loved her.

A paragraph by Damery in the Daily Press told Joan that Jerry had been with Claire Hempstead.

Joan had not been openly embarrassed about finances until one morning when she had met Charlie and they had gone shopping together at Stevens'. She didn't want to buy much, just some gloves and a pin for her black dress.

They went up to the glove counter and Joan picked out a pair that she liked.

"Cash or charge, madam?"

Joan replied, "Charge."

"I want to get a bracelet, something inexpensive to go with that green outfit of mine, Jo."

Charlie walked over to the jewelry counter and started looking at some things. Joan waited for her charge to go through.

"I'm sorry, madam, your charge account has not been paid."

Joan felt herself redden. There must be some mistake. Jerry had said he had paid it.

"You must be mistaken. The name is Corbett."

The girl nodded.

"Yes, ma'am. Mrs. Gerald Corbett."

(To Be Continued)

Editorials on News

(Continued from Page One)

J. A. Hanson, of Corvallis.
That is quite a record for Oregon.

THE poultry business in Oregon has grown quite rapidly in recent years, but even with this growth Oregon hens, according to Mr. Cooby, produce only one per cent of the eggs produced in the United States. Even if we should double our egg production in Oregon it wouldn't make much difference in the national marketing situation.

HERE, however, is the big point:

If Oregon poultrymen can produce eggs cheaper and BETTER than poultrymen in other states, they will be able to increase their markets indefinitely. Increasing the number of 300-egg hens will help materially to bring that desirable condition about.

IN the Umpqua forest, in Douglas county, a census of wild

A Nagging Backache

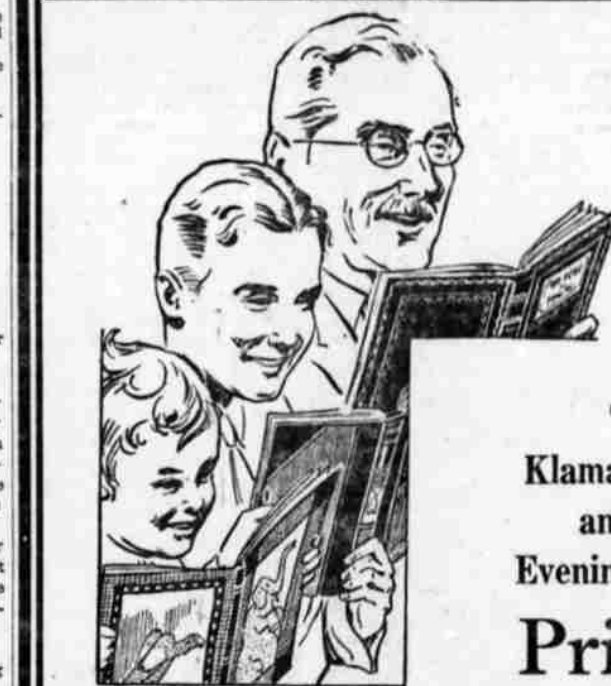


May Warn of Kidney or Bladder Irregularities

A persistent backache, with bladder irregularities, and a tired, nervous, depressed feeling may warn of some disordered kidney or bladder condition. Users everywhere rely on Doan's Pills. Praised for more than 50 years by grateful users the country over. Sold by all druggists.



Doan's Pills A DIURETIC FOR THE KIDNEYS



The Klamath News and the Evening Herald Primer

stands for Bargains

In the Herald & News

Clothing and Groceries,

And all things you use

The advertisements show you the way to merchandise that serves your needs, and saves you money. The merchant who advertises actually places his merchandise before you for inspection. He invites your most critical attention and uncompromising comparison. If the merchant did not have confidence in his wares he would hesitate to call attention to them.

Do you read these advertisements every day?

Make it a regular habit. Do not skip a day or an advertisement, lest you miss some unusual bargain. Read even the smallest advertisements and the smallest print. Gems of rare worth are often buried where you have to dig for them! Size alone is not an infallible guide to value.

Read the advertisements every day. You will be able to live better and spend less!

Some People Say—

The future may be better or worse.—Calvin Coolidge.

Only the colored people get married nowadays.—J. J. McCormick, New York marriage license bureau.

There are weaknesses in our economic system.—Secretary of War Patrick J. Hurley.

These are troublesome times. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.

Many more adolescents are headed for college than can possibly be assimilated.—Leta A. Hollingsworth, professor of education, Columbia U.

What the world needs is the faith of Woodrow Wilson—faith in the moral order of civilization, faith in common people.—Newton D. Baker, secretary of war under Wilson.

Klamath Names

MEER LAKE
(From "Oregon Geographic Names" by Lewis A. McArthur).
This small lake near the summit of the Cascade range is supposed to have received its name because of its proximity to the Meek cutoff or emigrant road, now the Willamette highway.

CHILDRENS COLDS



OVER 42 MILLION JARS USED YEARLY

JERRY-and-JOAN

By Cleo Lucas

CHAPTER XXVIII
"Jo, you didn't leave me, did you?"

"Leave you? Why should I? I only stepped out to get some groceries for our dinner tonight. That's why I wasn't here when you woke up."

"But Jo, we aren't going to eat at home tonight."

Jo was trembling inside. It was better than making a date with him now, it was heavenly.

"No, you're going to put on your yellow suit and yellow hat and meet me at the Palmer House. We're going to have dinner there alone, just you and me, Joan."

"You do care, don't you Jerry?"

"Care? I think you're simply swell. On second thought I think you'd better let me come out after you, dear."

"Why?"

Jerry hesitated a minute.

"Because I want to kiss you."

They were sitting on the davenport and Jerry was looking rather sheepish.

"Tell me, Jo, did I walk in all right?"

Joan laughed.

"On all fours."

"No, really, I didn't disgrace anyone, did I?"

"Not that I know about. You know I wasn't with you all evening."

"Funny thing about last night. I think they must have had dynamite in that liquor. I only had a couple of drinks—well, three at the most—and after that I don't remember a thing."

"Don't you remember how you got home?"

"Well, I remember getting in a yellow cab."

Joan looked at him accusingly.

"It may have been yellow, but are you sure it was a cab?"

Jerry grinned.

"Musta been."

Joan wished that he would pull her over to him and kiss her. That was the reason he had wanted to come and get her. Now here he was sitting over on the other end of the davenport acting as though he had just met her. It wasn't her place to go

over to him. She wondered if other married people felt that way about each other.

"Thanks, Jo, for helping Bud get my story in today."

"Oh, that wasn't anything."

"That never happened to me before, ever. I always made the deadline no matter how drunk I was."

"Well, it didn't happen this time."

"It did so far as my doing anything about it was concerned."

"Forget it."

"It will never happen again, Jo."

She hoped he meant it.

"The whole thing, I mean. I'll never pull one on you like that as long as I live. Gee, you ought to hate me for it."

Joan slipped over to him.

"But I don't."

Jerry went on just sitting there playing with the silk cord on the floor lamp.

Joan leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

"Gee, Jerry, love me, I don't want to talk about last night."

Jerry put his arms around her